have a game with us in the Den (don't let on to Grizel that I invited you). The first moment I saw you, I said to myself, ' This is the kind I like/ and -while the people round about rne were only thinking of your acting, I was wondering which would be the best way of making you my willing slave, and I beg to say that I believe I have ' found a way/ for most happily the very ones I want most to lord it over, are the ones who are least able to resist me.

" We should have ripping fun. You would be Jean Mac* Grcgor, captive in the Queen's Bower, but I would climb up at the peril of my neck to rescue you, and you would faint in my strong arms, and wouldn't Grizel get a turn when she came upon -you and me whispering sweet nothings in the Lovers' Walk ? I think it advisable to say *in writing* that I would only mean them, as nothings (because Grizel is really my one), but so long as they were sweet, what does that matter (at the time); and besides, *you* could *love me* genuinely, and I would carelessly kiss your burning tears away.

" Corp is a bit fidgety about it, because he says I have two to love me already, but I feel confident that I can manage more than two.

" Trusting to see you at the Cuttle Well on Saturday when the eight o'clock bell is ringing,

"I am
" Your indulgent
Commander,
" T. SANDYS,

«' p.s.—Can you bring some of the Lyceum armour with you, and two hard-boiled eggs ? "

Henry Irving once thought of producing Mr. Barrie's play "The Professor's Love Story." He was delighted with the first act, but when he had read the rest he did not think the play would do for the Lyceum. It was the same with many plays which were proposed for us. The ideas

sounded all right, but as a rule the treatment was too thin, and the play, even if good, on too small a scale for the theatre.

One pf <mr playwrights of wjiom J always expected &